THE THREE INVINCIBLES

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

children returned home, and when his wife, the stepmother, told him that both his children were dead his sorrow knew no

bounds. He cried and lamented their loss

bounds. He cried and lamented their ioss in a most pitiful manner, and when Felix took him into the garden, where they were supposed to be buried, the brave and strong soldier fell across the gravestone, so much was he overcome by his sorrow for the loss of his children. The very next day he left

home again.

"Wife," he said, "I will return to the war to seek consolation from my sorrow in the deaths of my enemy. I do not know when I shall come back, so fare thee well."

Thus the soldier went away, and Felix and his mother had a grand time, enjoying

themselves to their hearts' content.

In the meantime, however, John and Alice had an awful time in the woods.

After Felix had left them they began seek-

Here they fell asleep and it was not until

nearly noon the next day that they awoke

nearly noon the next day that they awoke from their sleep.

"Oh dear, oh dear, but I am hungry," said Alice, "and so am I." remarked John. Then both got up, and they commenced to hunt for the berry bushes again. After they had traversed the forest once more in all directions, they were suddenly startled

The Forge in the Forest.

by a noise which sounded as if a hammer

struck the anvil. So they went in the direc-tion the noise came from until they at last saw the glaring light of the fire in a black-smith shop in the distance.

"Thank heaven!" said John, "I guess we

are saved from a death of starvation."
When they arrived in the front of the

eaten enough.
"We do not know. Where our home is

John made this answer to the smith, and the latter then replied: "All right, I think I can do with you, and I will be as good to you as a mother and father both."

The next day the blacksmith told Alice

Thus years rolled by and the three people in

Thus years rolled by and the three people in the forest lived together as happily as possible. One day, however, the old smith had been away in the town for some time, and when he returned he said:

"John, you and I must go to the war. The King has sent out a proclamation that he is in bad need of good soldiers, therefore you and I must ro."

"Oh, you must stay at home until we come back." But Alice began to cry when she heard

'I do not want to remain here alone, and who knows whether you will not be killed in the war, and then I should never see either of you again. No, let me go along. I can handle a sword as well as a man, because you have taught me that. Let me go along."
"Very well, then, child," replied the smith, who could not refuse the little girl anything, because he was so fond of her. "We will all go together, and we shall take each of us a sword that will make us invincible in the hottest battle."

"My dear knight, whoever you are, let me embrace you for the service you have done me to-day."

"But what about me?" asked Alice.

while he and John went into the workshop John was soon taught here to become a fine

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR 1

HEN John's father married his second sad day for John and his sister Alice, because at that time commenced all their troubles and sorrows. The children's mother had always been kind and indulgent with them, but

the new mother, the stepmother, hated the two little mites and whenever the woman had an opportunity she would vent her angry mood on her husband's children. In the morning John and Alice had to get up before sunrise. While Alice had to milk the cows, feed the pigs and see to the horses, John had to clean up the house inside and outside from top to bottom. It was the sboy who had to cook the breakfast after he had lit the stove. All this time the stepmother was still in her

bed resting her lazy bones. When she at

last got up for her breakfast the daintiest

and the best the house could afford had to

be brought before her, while the children had to satisfy their hungry stomachs with dry bread and cold water.

The unfortunate part of it all was that the father was very seldom at home. He was a soldier, and as there was always some kind of war, riot or revolution going on, could not watch his children, although he was passionately fond of them. Had be known how they were treated at home, the bad step-

now they were treated at home, the bad step-mother would have been sorry for the day he had found her out.

But the women knew all this too well.

Whenever her husband happened to be at home she would bestow the most lavish attention upon him and the children, too. In this manner she deceived the man, who, believing his wife to be always kind, per-suaded himself that he was the luckiest man in the world to have such a jewel of a woman

But alas for the poor deluded soldier and his two children, the woman had a boy of her own, whom she had brought into the house when she got married to John's and Alice's father. This boy was a perfect tyrant to his mother and the woman was so fond of him, that she would have done any-thing in the world to afford her boy. Felix, one moment of pleasure. But Felix was also an ugly boy and there was no com-parison between him, John and Alice. It was principally on this account the was principally on this account the woman despised her step-children so much. It stung her motherly pride when she saw how good, beautiful and agreeable John and Alice were, while her son was generally called the searful Felix by all the people in the neighborhood.

Felix came to his mother one day and planting himself right before her, he

"Mother, what can we do to get rid of these two children, John and Alice? I hate the very air they breathe, and if they are not soon put out of the way I am sure shall die."

"Yes, my dear boy, I think we have to get rid of them, I hate them just as much as you do, but how can it be done? It their inther were to come home and find them gone he would be awfully sorry, and then what could I tell him?" "Oh, tell him they are dead, and we

But then he will want to see their graves!"
"That does not matter, I will fix up a

grave for them, put a headstone on it, and if you like I will put an epitaph on it, too!"
"The boy's mother was easily persuaded into the fearful lad's plans, and she promised to agree to everything Felix would do. morning we will get rid of them."

In the evening before John and Alice went to bed Felix called them before him. "To-morrow morning I will take you into the woods for a day's picnic. You have been working hard lately, and mother and I have concluded to give you a rest. Be ready at 4 o'clock in the morning to go

Thus lied the fearful Felix to the two good children, but they believed him because they thought everybody was as truthful as they were themselves. The next morning John and Alice got up very, very early. They had not slept all night because the



Left in the Woods.

anticipation of the beautiful, enjoyable eyes. They were just ready for their de-parture, and Alice was getting a basket with sandwiches ready when Felix came in "What are you doing there?" he asked the little girl, who became so frightened at his terrible voice that she dropped one piece of nam, which should have gone on the bread, on the floor, and of course it was

spoiled.
"I am preparing a few sandwiches," she then meekly replied. "I suppose we will get hungry in the woods."

'Who ever heard of such a thing?" said "Who ever heard of such a tung. said Felix. "People who go out for pleasure don't want anything to eat. The old saying is, 'He who works may eat.' Never mind about any food, you come along, there will be lots where you are going to." So the children went hungry away from

together, and we shall take each of us a sword that will make us invincible in the hottest battle."

Then they all began to prepare themselves for their departure, and on the following day they closed their home to go away. When they arrived on the field of battle the fight was raging fercely. The King had been attacked by an overwhelming force, and it looked very much as if he was to lose the battle. But no sconer had the smith, John and Alice appeared on the scene, when all changed. The three rode beautiful black horses, and their swords began at once to do their deadly work among the rapidly advancing enemy. Wherever the three went the foe had to give in. The swords mowed down the men by the hundreds, while they were invincible and nothing could harm them. This wondrous work threw dire consternation into the battalions of the coemy, while their friends became reanimated with hope for glory and victory. Everybody rallied around the three on the black horses, and the tall smith led them on into the thickest of the fight. On the right and left of him, wherever its tall figure appeared, death and destruction seemed to be marked out for all who opposed him. In about an hour the entire aspect of the battle had changed, the King was going to have his banner once more crowned with the glory of a grand victory. The appalled enemy, who had already become almost intoxicated with the idea that he had annihilated his foe, had to retreat in the most dexterous manner. Still the blacksmith and his two friends followed them until all were literally exterminated.

Then he turned around, and addressing John and Alice, he said: "Children, you have done nobly to day. Now we have done our duty, let us return home."

But pefore they could get away the King, his son, the Prince, and all the Generals and nobles had surrounded them.

"Hurrah for the victors, hurrah for the three invincibles!" they all shouted. Then the King came forward, and turning to the black-smith, said:

"My dear knight, whoever you are, let me home and arrived in the woods and never did two children spend such a sad time in the woods. The beautiful flowers never looked beautiful to them; the lofty trees, which stretched their lofty branches like a which stretched their lofty branches like a proper canopy of leafy verdure above them, never impressed these children with admiration. They never listened to the melodious tones of the many birds, who warbled their songs in bush and brushwood, and why? Because they were hungry. As the hunger gnawed at their empty little stomachs their limbs became heavy, their eyes lost their luster, their heads began to ache, and what promised to have been a day of pleasure proved to be a day of painful agony. For just hear what the fearful Felix did. About noon John and Alice said to Felix:

emorace you for the service you have done me to-day."

Then the King turned toward John and Alice, intending to do the same to them, when suddenly a man broke forth from the group of Generals, and running up to Alice, he said:
"Are you not Alice, my daughter?"

The little girl recognized her father now, and she called John, who did the same, and such rejoicing was never seen on any battledleid as on that day after the great victory achieved by the three lovincibles. "Let us return home, we are very hungry!" "Oh no, not yet; let us go and gather some berries and take them home. You go that way and I go this way, and we will meet here again to see who has found the

The nasty fellow had said that purposely to deceive them, but unsuspicious as the two children were they went to seek berries, while Felix ran quickly home to tell his mother about his grand success. The unstural woman laughed when she heard that the two children were gone. The next day Felix made a mound in the garden, and he put above it a marble stone, with these

words: Here lie John and Alice Buried. In a few days the father of the two

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

The Gay French Metropolis Swarming With Distinguished

CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Henry George's Little Speech to an English Delegation.

CREDITABLE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] PARIS, July 30 .- Never in my experience has Paris been so full of Americans as this summer, and never have there been so many well-known citizens in the tourists' ranks. Let me run through the list of some of those whom I have met during the past month, and you will then see, I think, that

I have not made an exaggerated statement.

Mr. M. H. de Young, of the San Francisco Chronicle, has paid us two or three short visits. I saw him the other night at a dinner party given by the Consul General, and he interested a large circle by fighting over again the Blaine battle at the Chicago convention. It was evident from what he said that if all the Maine statesman's supporters had had the grit and push of the

After Felix had left them they began seeking berries, but they never found any, and toward evening they returned, thinking that he was awaiting their return where they had left him. But Felix was nowhere to be seen. They called for him through the entire woods, hunsed for him high and low, but all in vain. Felix had gone and they could not find him. Then they started to find their way home, but they were equally unsuccessful in that attempt. They ran over thorns and stones and stumps for miles and miles through the forest until they at last dropped down under a tree, utterly fagged out and tired almost to death. Here they fell asleep and it was not until california editor, the Plumed Knight would have been the Republican candidate last autumn.

In the group that listened to Mr. de Young's graphic account, was Mr. Perry Belmont, who has recently laid off his dipmatic reserve. "I liked Madrid," he said matic reserve. "I liked Madrid, he said to me the other evening, "and regret my departure, for I was very well treated by everybody there." A few days later, I visited with Mr. Belmont the new and interesting historic panorama in the Tuileries Gardens. When I introduced to the ex-Minister Mr. Alfred Stevens, one of the authors of the Panorama, the distinguished Belgian artist said with a bow: "One of the first portraits I ever painted was that of your first portraits I ever painted was that of your father." "And it was one of your best," quickly answered Mr. Belmont with a bow

n return.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN TURKEY. Ex. Minister Oscar S. Straus, who reached Paris recently from Turkey, speaks as enthusiastically of Constantinople as does Mr. Belmont of Madrid. "I do not believe that anywhere else in Europe is the diplomatic circle so charming," Mr. Straus said to me the other day at the Hotel Meurice; "we become more intimately acquainted with one another at the Turkish capital, where the foreign element is, naturally, more sepa rated from the native element than else rated from the native element than elsewhere, and the result is that warm friendships spring up between the representatives of foreign countries. The American Minister especially enjoys a unique position, being regarded as a neutral onlooker at the European rivalries and intrigues which find their center in Constantinople. I was often consulted by all parties, and exerted an influence not at all in proportion to my

often consulted by all parties, and exerted an influence not at all in proportion to my personal abilities."

Speaking of diplomats suggests the contradiction of the rumor, which has been started again, that Mr. George W. Smalley is to succeed Mr. Henry Vignaud as First Secretary of Legation at this post. Mr. Smalley said to me recently: "I would not be offered the position, and I would not accept it if it were offered to me." Mr. Smalley was here for a month smoothing the way for Mr. Reid, and while his connection with the Legation would undoubtedly be of immense benefit to the new Minister, his acceptance of such a post is, of course, out of the question.

smithy they saw a tall, handsome man swinging an enormous hammer in the front of the brightest anvil you ever saw.

"Hello, children!" he shouted good naturedly at the little ones, "how did you come here?"

John and Alice soon told their story, and they did not forget to remark that they had not had anything to eat for two days. The big blacksmith at once took them into his house and he gave them such a meal of meat, milk and vegetables that both the children thought they had come into the land of plenty, where hunger is never known. smithy they saw a tall, handsome man swinging an enormous hammer in the front of the brightest anvil you ever saw.

"Hello, children!" he shouted good naturedly at the little ones, "how did you come here?" literary work that I have under way. And during my wanderings I have been struck "Now, what do you want to do?" said the blacksmith to John and Alice, when they by the

we do not know either, and if you will take of Mr. Cleveland. Although a Republican, care of us we will work for you and make ourselves as useful as we can."

of Mr. Cleveland. Although a Republican, I must say that Mr. Harrison will have to exert himself if he is to surpass in respectability and capacity the Ministers and Con-suls, as a body, which Mr. Bayard sent over here during the last four years. In fact, there has been a constant improvement in our foreign service during the past quarter of a century. Before our civil war

quarter of a century. Before our civil war our legations and consulates were filled by men, who, as a rule, were far from being the equals socially, morally or intellectually of the present incumbents."

From the diplomatic to the consular service is not a long skip; so I may say a word of our late Consul General at Rome, Mr. W. L. Alden, whom I recently met. Mr. Alden is not only an excellent consular officer, but a clever and witty journalist as the New is not only an excellent consular onder, on a clever and witty journalist, as the New York press well knows. He ought to have been kept at the Italian capital if only bebeen kept at the Italian capital if only because of his warm sympathy for Italy. "I
am delighted with Italy and the Italians,"
he said to me the other afternoon; "and I
think I should always like to live among
them. I know their beautiful language,
like their customs and never weary of the
picturesque scenery of their towns, coast
and country."

But it is not only close-mouthed State Department officials who are in Paris. Out.

spoken reformers are here, too. One of the latter, Henry George, has been making no little sensation here recently. I saw the famous Socialist under peculiar circumstances the other evening at the house of Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Enclick increalist.

CONVERTS TO GEORGEISM. A body of London workingmen who were here visiting the Exhibition, were Mrs. Crawford's guests, and Henry George had been invited to address them. He arose, stood in the middle of the little drawing room and delivered one of the most elequent and effective brief speeches I have listened to for many a week. He closed with these words: "You English workingmen have nothing in England. Not a foot of land is yours. You have no house, no farm, nothing that makes you Englishmen. You have

ing that makes you Englishmen. You have no more right to call yourselves English citizens than I have." The workmen applauded this sally and promised to spread Georgeism on returning to London.

Another American reformer, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, has also been much en evidence recently in Paris progressive circles, attending the Peace and Women's Rights Congress.

Congress.
"I am studying with much care," said the

"I am studying with much care," said the Washington lawyer at President Carnot's garden party the other afternoon, "the marriage relations of the French. I am inclined to believe that in some respects the social life of this nation is superior to ours, or at least that the true nature of this social life has often been misjudged and misrepresented in America. I intend to write a newspaper letter on this subject as soon as I have all my facts."

Another 'American lady who is writing to the papers from this side is Mrs. John Sherwood. She gave a large and fashionable reception the other day before leaving for Aix-les-Bains, where she will pass the summer. "I am still enthusiastic about my recent Spanish trip," said Mrs. Sherwood to me at the refreehment table; "the picturesque scenery, the rich picture galleries, the interesting old towns, the beautiful women and the gallant men, have left an impression on my mind that will never be effaced. I now understand how Victor Hugo, who was in Spain when a mere child, received impressions which continued with him until the end of his long life."

NOTABLE NOVELISTS.

to join that large band of American "exiles" who reside permanently on this side of "the pond."

"We are about to start," he said to me, "in the direction of our new home, Villa Biancheri, at Villefranche, near Nice. We shall be a couple of weeks on the way, going to Chambery, then to Turin, and thence over the Maritime Alps by diligence to Nice. Should it prove too hot at Villefranche, though it is down in the list of summer resorts, we shall go back to Switzerland again. We have a pleasant house with a terrace, on the Corniche Road." 'We are about to start," he said to me

Another novelist, a woman this time, was in Paris recently. I refer to the muchabused Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. She is now at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where she has been busily engaged on her new California story. "I have just finished my book," she writes to me, "of about 135,000 words. It took me three weeks, which is the quickest piece of work I ever did. I am almost afflicted with nervous prostration in consequence. But

work I ever did. I am almost afflicted with nervous prostration in consequence. But I must always write at white heat or not at all. I am going over to London for a few days, and then off into the country, partly in order to get beyond the range of the newspapers, and partly for the purpose of copying my book."

I might go on and increase this list almost indefinitely, for Senator Sherman, Senator McPherson, ex-Mayor Hewitt, John Hay, ex-Mayor Smith Ely, and a bost of other celebrities have been here or are still here. But I have written enough to prove that I am quite within bounds when prove that I am quite within bounds when I stated at the beginning of this letter that never have there been so many well-known Americans in Paris as during the present summer.

THEODORE STANTON,

AN EXPERIENCE IN ARKANSAS. Two Chicago Hunters Satisfied That th Natives Are Not Slow.

Two prominent members of the Calumet

is usually pretty abundant; so procuring the services of a guide they sallied forth to kill their first buck. After stationing the club men in a likely position the guide made a grand detour to round up the game. In a little while along came a handsome doe; she stood looking into the double-barreled guns for a few seconds with that air of mild curiosity so affected by all deer, and was about to bound away when the guns reported and the doe fell dead. Both men jumped out to claim the prize, but two widely-separated wounds convinced them that each one owned a half interest in her. that each one owned a half interest in her.
While they stood congratulating each other
a little girl eame running up, and, seeing
the dead deer, began crying bitterly. Presently a lank native sauntered along and
joined the group.
"S'pose ye think ye're in big luck, eh?"
said the man, after contemplating the doe
for a few minutes, and following his remark with a heavy trail of nicotine.
"Why wes, we had thought so." one of the

"Why yes, we had thought so,"one of the hunters nervously ventuged.

Meantime the girl was sobbing as if her heart would break, and between gasps the Chicago nimrods learned that they had shot her pet deer. Both stood aghast, and one hinted he would give anything to square it.

"Settle weth ther gal, not weth me," said the native; "ther critter's hern, not mine!" The club men then consulted and agreed not

The club men then consulted and agreed not to give over \$20 for the deer.

"How much do you want us to pay you little girl?" one asked.

She raised her tear-stained face, thought a minute and then schbed, "Bout \$2 cash, I recken, eh pap?"

Then followed another outburst. They gave her \$5, glad to settle so easily and let the old man carry off the deer. They went back to their hotel without waiting for the guide, but when he showed up and they told their story he called them the biggest, blankest idiots in 40 counties and swore they had been worked. They were out \$5 and a fine, fat doe; there wasn't a tame deer in the county. in the county.

TOWED BY A PLOCK OF DUCKS. A Carlous Craft Called the Podoscaph and Brookivn Eagle.

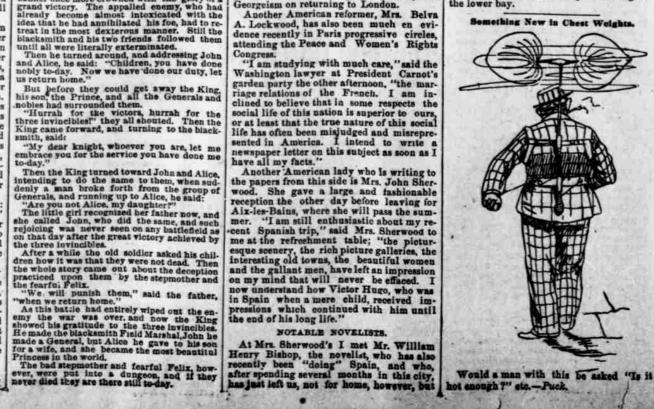
A New York man has just made the most eccentric journey on record. The original person has been over to the Paris Exposition and has brought back with him the latest French device for navigating rivers. It bears the peculiar name of podoscaph, and is a sort of tiny raft, an equivalent on the water to the bicycle on shore; for the man who pavigates it must have the knack of balancing himself highly developed. It consists of two tiny skiffs or canoes made of paper and too light and small to safely contain even a boy, but by being made into a sort of a catamarran, by fastening one broad light paper board between the two, it will carry a full sized man with a certain amount of safety and, under certain circum-

stances, with considerable speed.

It is very light and can be carried under

It is very light and can be carried under one arm about as easily as a pasteboard box, and is drier than most raits, being elevated several inches above the water by the skiffs. There are two ways of sailing the podoscaph, but the man who has introduced it here has invented a third. The first method is by rowing it with a light pair of spoon paddles, the second is by sailing it; which is done by means of the ordinary large white unbrella, and this is the favorite French method. But the third and the American fashion is quite unique. It would never have been dreamed of by a small, quiet river, and starting out the other day for a tour upon his podoscaph he purchassed of a neighboring farmer a flock of 12 ducks, which he harnessed to his new boat, and taking aboard his umbrella and oars as well he started off down the stream. He was gone six days, and when he returned he was minus the ducks, two of which he declared he had eaten every night for dinner, and that they had materially aided him, in his/voyage. Such eccentricities may serve to advertige the new boat for which he is agent in this country, but it has value enough in itself to become popular and will, no doubt, be added in the course of time to the other fragile little craft which spins about the merry water bugs in the lower bay.

Through all this time not a word of command or comment passed between any of those aboard, and not a light of any kind adorned the prow or sides of this odd vessel, but just as she passed beneath the last bridge spanning the river a tiny greenjah yellow light shot out on the water from a place on her brow, and the word "Beetle" in small red letters was revealed on her side. So rapidly did she shoot the water that the light salou shore at Economy came into view and disappeared in a single moment, then the little light box on the upper end of Crow Island grew out of the darkness had, blinked oddly once or twice and dropped away in the gloom over the river. The man who had piloted him through the city and on to the Beetle came fo which spins about the merry



A Remarkable Midnight Excursion Down the Ohio River.

THE LEGEND OF FANALON ISLAND. Spotless South Sea Sponge to be the Univer-

sal Raiment. AN ARTIST'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT DREAM

CWRITTEN FOR THE DISCALOR. OMEWHERE between the hours of
11 and 12 on a hot
midsummer night,
when the sweltering
masses had ceased
the tramp, tramp upon a OMEWHERE be partly
the tramp, tramp upon the streets far below and nothing disturbed the stillness of the tiny little office on one of the top floors of a big new building, a time.

It was while he lay back in this attitude of deep thought that a strange feeling of some mysterious presence on the other side of the partition or in the dim lit hallway beyond caused him to look slowly over toward the door that led into the hall. The door opened gently and there entered a man, young, lithe, beautifully manly in every line of limb and head, with long hair Two prominent members of the Calumet Club were down in Arkansas last fall on business and one day took a notion to go out on a deer hunt. They were in the neighborhood of Carlisle, where the game is usually pretty abundant; so procuring that looked as though dyed in sepia, a lustrous brownish black, eyes as deep and blue as the waters of some northern lake, a complexion fit for the brush of an old Dutch artist to paint from and just the daintiest mustache to match in color the long curling hair.

A STRANGE RAIMENT. Strangest of all was his dress, which Strangest of all was his dress, which could not, in matter of cut, belong to any period of history which the artist remembered having seen, while in the matter of material it was simply indescribable, consisting of some light and porous cloth which, while it covered the form, failed to lestroy or conceal the lines of the man

There was a certain air of undisturbed coolness about his strange figure and a peculiar odor, a suggestion of sea air, of the kind of atmosphere one might find in some fragrant pine forest near our wild Northern

"I came on a mission that will occupy but

a few seconds; put on your hat and follow me," said the stranger.

Mechanically the artist arose from his seat, and, turning off the electric light bulb above his desk, took up his hat and fol-lowed after the rapidly moving figure. The



artist could not see the form of his strange guide, but, following that queer, wild odor left behind, he came over onto the black, sweaty payements and followed like one in a dream after it until the river at the Smith a dream after it until the river at the Smith-field street bridge came in view, and then they went down Water street and across the long cobbled wharf slope to the river's edge, and here, neath the shadows of the grim, silent wheels of the great steamers, elay the strangest craft he had ever seen.

A QUEER CRAFT. It was but the work of an instant for three and, grasping the artist, they hurried him on board; then, without sound of paddle, oar or propeller the little craft shot off down the river at lightning speed, and the few lights in the hot city behind faded quickly into the great black pall that seemed to

overhang river and town.

Through all this time not a word of com-

"We are approaching Fanalon Island, and in a few moments your eyes will look upon that which has been jealously guarded from the eyes of the world for many years. There are but four who know me, and they are the three here with us and one upon the island who guards our secret and keeps the light while we are away."

"Years ago, my tather, who was captain of a Spanish trader, sailed to the far eastern seas for a cargo of coffee and spices, carrying me with him; we touched at Madagascar, Borneo and Sumatra, and then sailed for home, but never reached there. One night, during a terrible hurricane, we swept in upon a coral-bound coast, and wrecked on that reef were washed ashore and were picked up in the morning by the strangest race of men I have ever beheld. They were tall and straight as arrows, and, though black as ebony, their hair which hung down about their hips was white as driven snow and soft as silk. and soft as silk.

about their hips was white as driven snow and soft as silk.

"But two of our ship's company had survived that awful night, my father and myself and he, poor soul, died from exhaustion before the sun arose. When it was quite light these strange men baried him in the sands, near the sea he had loved so well and led me over great white bluffs through a dark jungle to an eminence above a tiny lake as clear and blue as the heavens above us, and on the opposite shore by the blue lake's rim stood a city whose houses were dazzling white.

"To come more quickly to the point of my story I will not dwell upon the scenes that followed. I soon learned their language and then discovered that I had been cast away on an island, over which a queer ruled named Fanalon, and in her honor the island was named by the natives whom she governed. I also learned that none of my race had ever been seen upon this island before, so that when I was brought before the Queen she almost fainted from surprise at my white face and hands, but in a short time insisted upon taking the last hus-

band—a thing I had no objection to what-ever, seeing that, despite her ebon skin, her form and face were perfect in all details.

AN INFATUATED QUEEN.

"But an ancient law of the island forbade the Queen to marry, and her successor was chosen when she died from the first females born after her death. The Queen, however, was so infatuated with my white face that she determined to break this law and this determination divided the people into two parties, who went to war about the question until, in one battle the Queen was killed, and, with four trusty fellows, I embarked in a canoe of my own make and hurried with all speed from the Island of Fanalon.

"The strangest of all things I had seen during my ten months' sojourn there was the dress of the patiwa."

Literature can diagnose the disease, it is

"The strangest of all things I had seen during my ten months' sojourn there was the dress of the natives, consisting of a pure white, but very thin and fine sponge which grows in great broad layers along the coral reef surrounding the island. These were taken, like your tailors cut cloth, in a number of curiously chaped pieces, and when placed together on a form below the sea water the pieces grew together in a few hours, thus doing away with any sewing. Their hats are made in the same manner and their shoes also. I learned this art from the untives and when I left with these four natives I brought several dozen of the sponges with me. I found a small boat at the first port we reached and sailed and sailed until I found my way to the shores of America and ascended the rivers to this place, where I have planted the sponges, which grow faster than weeds and triple their number in a single night.

"And now for my project and the purpose of my midnight visit to your office. I brought you here to explain the work, show you the results and make you a suit which



will serve as a sample; we will then return to the city and establish branches all over the world, where the sweltering masses may come, be fitted and have their suits made while they wait.

"The tiny reservoir in the top of the hat we furnish with every suit carries a small quantity of cool water, and can be replenished when exhausted. This allows the person wearing one of our sponge suits to simply squeeze his bulb in his hat and the entire suit will be kept moist. In this manner a man can also "wet" a new suit withner a man can also "wet" a new suit with-out it costing anything.

THE COMING BAGE.

"Sponge suits for summer will be all the rage, and the different manner in which they can be made up will allow of any demand from Dame Fashion.

"We have now reached our destination and will proceed with the business from which we can make millions," and here the strange figure stepped ashore and guided the artist to a place along the river, where the four natives dove beneath the water, appearing shortly afterward with broad the lour natives dove beneath the water, appearing shortly afterward with broad slabs of thin sponge cloth, which they haid out upon a rough table, and, after measureing the artist from head to toe, they began cutting the thin sponges into queerly shaped pieces, which they placed in the water, after pinning them together with their oaken skewers. After drawing the artist some distance away the Spaniard again began to talk.

again began to talk.

"The natives believed me to be a prince when I arrived upon their land, and though they have cheerfully objed all my orders, they came from their home in the far warm eastern seas with much reluctance, and claim that through their Queen's folly in attempting to marry me, and my folly in bringing them away to these cold northern

waters upon such a mission, they have a right to call me Prince Folly."
"I have named this island Fanalon, after my first love, now dead, in that lone eastern

isle, and have determined to make myself rich by this venture."

"Ah, here is your suit." he exclaimed, as the four natives approached, a bundle in the hands of the foremost." Now, try it on and tell me what you think of it."

A COOL SUIT.

It required but a moment for the artist to rig himself out in the new togs, and then as the five strangers stood about him he began to realize what a delicious change it was from the hot, tight-fitting clothes he had thrown aside. Gradually his blood began to grow cooler, and a feeling as though his flesh and bones were a leeing as though his flesh and bones were slowly freezing came over him; he felt his fin-ger tips assuming a rigidity which crept gradually up through the fingers themselves until ten icicles hung from his hand in their places. Then the horrible sensation of slowly



freezing to death stole across him—his head seemed to be slowly contracting, his eyes looked out through icy windows. The world—what he could see of it—grew whiter and whiter, as if covered all over with hoar frost.

The night was changing to day and the morning had no sun with it.

Great icebergs floated down the river: Prince Folly and his ebon hued crew were slowly growing indistinct and seemed to move further from him. He attempted to call to them—to implore them for Heaven's sake to stop the deal by some means or other, but his lips would not move—they were frozen together!

The Prince and his men were fading entirely out of sight, and a strangely hideous laugh, which seemed frozen like everything else, rang out on his ears.

'Twas their answer to his entreaty, and his brain had frozen, and that evil white frost line was within an inch of his heart. All hope was gone, the world around was ice, the sky of ice above, the river frozen solid to the bottom beneath, and he had turned to lice except within a few inches about his heart. When that closed, death would come.

All it was approaching at last. There was that chilly nip on the bottom of his heart. He knew it. He had felt it first on his finger tips and knew its result too well by this time. Going! Gone! Dead! All over now, and unable longer to hold an upright position he fell over and the artist awoke.

Awoke with a terrible jump, almost falling from his chair, found his clock pointing to the figure 3, and the shower which had come up during the night beating in over his face, head and hands; discovered, too, that for three mortal hours his head had failen back under the dripping fancet of the water cooler, that this along with the pelting raih bad induced him to diream of Folly of Fanalon. Jung Jager. A CHILLY CLIMAX.

—Mrs. Cushman has been elected to the Malaria office of District Clerk and Hiss Cushman to that of Tax Colleges in Laceboot, N. Y.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

powerless to work a cure. But where mortal skill is impotent, divine love is omnipotent. What Goethe, like Homer, like Plato, like Aurelius, merely indicated, Christ reme The difference between literature and Christianity is the tremendous difference between the perception of an ailment and the restora-

Indeed, we do not need a poet or a philosopher to tell us that human nature, sugresting Ophelia's account of Hamlet's con-

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh."

For this is a matter of common experience. What it much more concerns us to know is, whether the distempered but "noble and most sovereign reason" may be medicated. From Goethe, therefore, with his diagnosis, we turn impatiently, eagerly, to the "Great Physician." When we see him change the Magdalene into a saint, and him change the Magdalene into a saint, and Saul, the persecutor, into Paul the apostle, and Zacheus, the publican, into an honest man, and seat the demoniac clothed and in his right mind—we hope. The commingled love and power that healed them is equal to dealing with us. Oh, wonderful Galilean! build us up out of the ruins of sin into the primeval image of divinity. Breathe upon these bones; make them live.

The Dog School of Cynics. The most useless, the most unworthy of all the ancient philosophies was the cynic. The founder of this school, Antithsines, was a proud, stern, unfeeling man, whose temper was so snarling that he was named "dog." and his school "the dog school." He paraded in public clad in a threadbare suit; for which Socrates rebuked him, saying: "Your pride sneaks through the holes in your clothes." His disciple, Diogenes, surpassed him in contempt for human nature—was an incarnate sneer.

Those men who live to dispraise who delight

Those men who live to dispraise, who delight Those men who live to dispraise, who delight to traduce, who esteem it the mark of a superior mind to question the reality of virtue, sonor and truth—are cynics. Thus cynicism, in its deepest definition, is the negation of morality. Its patron saint is Mephistopheles. Its text book is universal skepticism. Its scholars in all ages have been the destructives, never the constructors; the sneerers, never the helpers.

Cynicism is not to be confounded with satire. Cynicism is not to be confounded with satire. Satire is a legitimate weapon. It is, or may be, wielded by the most earnest and honest men. It turns that to ridicule which can no otherwise be so properly dealt with. Many a hoary abuse has been laughed to death which could not so well have been argued into the grave. Thus Cervantes, in Don Quixote, laughed feudalism out of Europe. But cynicism has no earnestness; it merely snarls and scorns. Without moral discrimination, it denies the very existence of goodness. The most eminent satirists have set limits to themselves—like Pope, who says:

"Satire's my weakon, but I'm too discreet

"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet To run amuck and tilt at all I meet." The cynics, on the contrary, stick at nothing, and stab right and left with blind fury. The name describes them. They are (mad) dog philosophers. Then there's the upright tree? and the slippery

The Joys of Young and Old. In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Oliver Wendell Holmes pictures a man beyond middle life in the midst of home joys, but who as se contemplates the carelessness of the youth

"O for one year of youthful Joy! Give back my twentieth spring! I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy, Than reign a gray-haired king." Whereupon an angel says to him: "How about that wife whom in your youth you wedded, and o whom, by ties of affection, you are joined?" "Oh," he answers, "I wouldn't lose my wife." Then—

"The angel took a sapphire pen, And wrote, in rainbow dew, The man would be a boy again And be a husband, too!" "But," pursues the angel, "how about you

"Oh," he replies. "I can't lose the children." "The angel took a sapphire pen, And wrote, in rainbow dew, The man would be a boy again And be a father, too,"

How to Abeliah Poverty.

A recent article in the North American Re-view, by the Rev. J. B. Wasson, shows how poverty may easily be abolished—on paper. He says: "My scheme, in brief, is for those who are most anxious to abolish poverty, to raise the sum of \$10,000 in cash, or more if possible, are most anxious to abolish poverty, to raise the sum of \$10,000 in cash, or more if possible, and put it out at compound interest until the principal shall become so immense that the interest annually accruing from it will be large enough to change the whole face of society. In order to bring the matter more nearly home to us to-day, let us suppose that some wise philanthropist, sag, in the year 1628, had set aside that sum of money with the proviso that neither principal nor interest should be touched until the year 1889, at which time the whole amount should be safely invested and the interest forever after devoted to the alleviation of poyerty, and to such other humane objects as should commend themselves to a wisely selected Board of Antipoverty Trustees, two of whom might, perhaps, be Mr. George and Dr. McGlyun. I venture to say that the actual money result of to-day of such a fund would far surpass the wildest dreams of the crankiest anti-poverty disciple in the world. The capitalist, the man of business, the retired man of wealth and the working man, all would be paving a percentage out of their income to this great autocrat of human destiny. It would, however, at once strike a snag that might—nay, that would—prove fatal to the society, unless it succeeded in making over this human nature of ours. The strong-brained, acquisitive men, whose very nature it is to work with both brain and hand in order to acquire wealth, would lose heart and stop working. On the other hand, an immense number, possibly a majority of the world's workingmen, knowing that the society would provide for them anyhow, would also stop working. Or, if they worked at all, it would be paid on account of the general cessation, of work. And there would be no way to enforce the payment, unless all the civilized governments of the world should unite to do it. But even that would not avail if the debtors did not have the money to meet their obligations, for you cannot squeeze blood out of a stone.

CHRIST limiteth us unto one wife only, and it is a great thing for a man to rule one wife rightly.—Hugh Latimer. rightly.—Hugh Latimer.

If thy revenues be not enough, borrow of thy two next neighbors—thy back and thy belly,—Ibid.

THERE is a gospel of the tongue; the truth must be preached. There is a gospel of the tongue; the truth must be preached. There is a gospel of the character: the truth must be lived. There is a gospel of the hand; the world must feel the warm cordial grasp of compassionate love. The hand is the symbol of sociability. The hand is the symbol of sociability. The hand is the symbol of sociability. The hand as the lips. It is useless to mount lofty pedestals and draw one's skirts closely about one's self and tooss fine maxims at the weak. The world will never consent to be haughtily lectured juto morality. There must be a face to face, fiand to hand, heart to heart touch.—H. C. Farrar.

Society needs the social Christian. It needs his example of redued godliness—his cheerfulness without frivolity, his piety without sanctimeniousness, his conversation without cant. It needs to see illustrations that the Christian religion is not a cloak, but an easy delightful life—a life that does more, enjoys more, and is more than any other.—Hot.

"Eternal gratitude" is a note whose time does not begin to run until the purchaser's is over.—Blacknovz.

LIFE is always serious. For we are ever treading on the edge of something unefpected, it may be something terrible. Let us work circumspectly, and realize that we may always dwell under the shield of God's providence. Otherwise life would be too tragic for us to endure.—R. S. Storre, D. D.

Arease to Action

A dormant liver, or you will suffer all the tor-tures incident to a prolonged billous attack. Constipation, headaches, dyspepsia, furred tongue, sour breath, pain in the right side, will admonish you of neglect. Discipline the recalcitrant organ at once with Hostetter's Btomach Bitters and expect prompt relief. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, ner-vousness and debility are thoroughly relieved by the Sitters.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking.

Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN. Lewiston, Maine. 691-"PRESTO, CHANGE!"

A warrior brave, with sword in hand, Was traveling this a stranger land; Where dangers new and scenes untried Beset him oft' on every side; When there appeared across his track, A serpent fleree, both long and black; A frightful thing, with fetid smell, Appaling eyes and nose as well;

Appaling eyes and nose as well;

With all his strength, a mighty blow,

The hero cleft in twain his foe.

Quick as the deed, to his surprise, The scene was changed before his eyese No serpent there, in all that wood, But in its place a stripling stood; And by his side a lady fair; A lady with attainments rare, With lovely face and charming (See Spencer in his "Faery Queen"), But further now I'll not pursue, This subject so well known This subject so well shows to you,
For 'tis a maxim neways rare,
"The brave alone shall win the fair:"
Still, if this tale should seem contrary,
You'll find it in your dictionary,
M. C. WOODFORD

Wordsworth describes one in this wis Wordsworth describes one in this wise:

"A one-two-lives man with gray eyes."
What Wordsworth says the truth may be,
To vouch for it I am one three,
One fact I think I may one two—
That if the man we have in view
Had tried on two to take a run
When drunk, he would have done it one.
Such an attempt so odd would be
That you would think it one-two-three.
NELSONIAN.

693-TWIN ACROSTICS. The two letters added to the initials are re-ersed when prefixed to the finals, as lap, pad-

Left side.—L. A contest, 2 A plural verb. 3. A light blow. 4. A fish. 5. A small quad-Right side.—I. The male of a certain domes-tic animal. 2 Before. 3. A confederate. 4. A sign of the Zodiac. 5. To imbrown. Primais.—A common liquid. Finals.—A well-known fruit. Combined.—A large variety of finals. CHAMP.

694-A FOREST. What's the frightful tree? the willing tree? The trees that are cheerful and sad? The lightest trees? the luscious tree? The tree that is warmly clad?

What's the dentist's care? the sweetest tree?
The nourishing tree? and the tree for a lunch?
The adhesive tree? the respectable tree?
And the tree boys delight to punch?

What's the coldest tree? the dancing tree? The trees that are words of command? The busiest tree? the sourcest tree? And the tree that is in demand? What's the timely tree? the schoolboy's dread? The tree that is neat and trim?
The strongest tree? and the mason's tree?
And the tree used by painters prim?

What's the tree that might shake your hand? The springy tree? the tree nearest the sea? Now the decorated tree? the joiner's tree? Still tell me where ships may be?

And the tree that is gray, sorrel, and bay? The tree to kiss? the spiny tree? The tree that is fatal to stay? The useful tree? the canine tree?
The tree that in jewelry one sees?
There's the tree that daily fastens?
Tell me their names, if you please?

There's a tree that belongs to the aged? Perhaps a musician can claim it fair.
Then the greasy tree? the yielding tree?
And the tree of which to beware.
EL EM DRE

695-ANAGRAM. "Can't calkerlate about the weather, Bekase it changes so That nobody can tell whether It's gwine to rain or snow."

There is a class who think they know Just when "it's gwine to rain or snowt" They fix upon a future day.

Perhaps some weeks or months away. When they assure us there will be A storm upon the land or sea; A cyclone they may say will come. And make terrestrial objects hum; Perhaps an earthquake is at hand To give convulsions to the land. They are familiar with the stars, And Venice, Jupiter and Mars They find in such conjuctive moods. As indicate o'erwhelming floods. They note the changes of the moon (To them this planet is a boon!) And in its phases they descry And in its phases they descry
"Perhaps the wet or" else the dry.
Lucky for such fellows all
That the fool-killers seldom call;

NELSONIAN. 696-SQUARE. 1. Eluded. 2. Persuasive [Rare]. 3. A private box. 4. Having certain qualities—such as obstinacy, etc. 5. Kinds of altered iolite. 6. Dost smooth. 7. Hates bitterly.

R. O. CHESTER.

697-DECAPITATION. Total is a deadly sin,
Treachery vile but lurks thereint
Down with traitoral is the cry,
Better that all such should die.
Ah! but like the famous "Lo,"
Who, when dead, is good, you know,
Headless make the wicked one,
And a better life's begun:
"Motive," "principle" and "senso"

Come riddle, come riddle, and answer me true.
What is it I willingly tender to you,
And ask you for nought in return?
What is it I lose, and yet never complain?
Never ask where it is, never seek it again;
what is it the miser will give to the poor?
What's it the dead can retain evermore?

ANSWERS. Let dops delight to bark and bite.
For God hath made them so:
Let bears and lions growl and fight.
For 'tis their nature to.

But, children, you should never les Your angry passions rise; Your little hands were never made To tear each other's eyes. 683—Style. 684—Dog-Latin. 13 23 11 17 3 25 5 31 21 15 19 9

27 1 29 7 Several other solutions are possible

Politics and Poverty.

It is a well known fact that few politicians

leave office rich. The lower grade of officeholders invariably die poor. There are but
three elective offices in Cook county that are
rated as money-making places. These are
the city and county Treasurerships and the
Shrievalty. A history of the incumbents
of these offices since the fire, would as a
rule be the history of men who either made
or lost a pile, and than retired from colitics.